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NISITI! THE SEVENTIES

Welcome to the weird and wonderful world of the Seventies - the most creative decade of film making ever. This issue of NISITI is dedicated to the Carlisle Drive-In, that mecca of movie muck where our minds were forever altered.

Written & Edited by Timothy Paxton & David Todarello.
Staff: Mark Rolie, Dale Pierce, and Dave Szurek.
Contributors for this issue: Michael Gingold, Ken Miller, Max Delia Mora, and Dan Taylor. Cover layout by Dave Todarello.
Your comments and suggestions are welcome.
NISITI wants contributors! If interested, please contact us at the address listed below. Join in the fun! Be part of the NISITI team!

NAKED/SCREAMING/TERROR! logo by Gary Dumm.

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BRITISH HORROR:

SPUTTER, FIZZLE, POP AND BANG!

THE HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND

THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR

THE ASPHYX

DEATHLINE

HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND

(aka THE TOWER OF EVIL)

1972, D: Jim O'Connell

This is just what you'd expect from the early part of the 'me' decade. **HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND** features all of that period's most popular teenage film motifs: sex (oral at that and off screen, of course), nudity (lots of it), dope ("Gimme some of that grass, man"), violence & gore (primitive, but satisfying), and a monster (a motif that began to wane even with the advent of **ALIEN** and all of its manifestations). Director Jim O'Connell knew that all those spicy ingredients were needed if he wanted a "hit" with the Americans. So, he integrated some lame American accents (they all sound like young, cool versions of John Wayne—the only American Brits seem to emulate when imitating us) with a great deal of exposed female flesh. He also added the popular lingo of the time (even though the film industry is always at least a year behind in its choice of "in" words, dig?) along with other choice bits of Inane seventies (like an augmented 60's ideal of free sex). If it ever received the audience that O'Connell had no doubt aimed it for, then those lucky few who did see it at the drive-in must have had fun. The plot isn't bad, just a tad weak when it comes to orchestrating the sex, horror, mystery, and terror into a finale that makes some sense. The evil in the plot isn't your typical drive-in fare, and the film's terror is based on the aftermath of the beast's slaughter of the teens—herding the mad slasher craze which (with the popularity of **HALLOWEEN** (1978) worldwide) successfully replaced the monster as the genre's favorite antagonist (because it's a hell of a lot cheaper than all the make-up and SFX you'd need to accommodate the realism associated with such creatures). The sets are cheap (that's the cleanest looking beach I have ever seen—even the sand looks scrubbed), the actors unconvincing, and the copious amounts of gore could have been handled more realistically if more time had been taken out to present the gruesomeness with flair and spunk. Nothing makes a drive-in feature more entertaining than watching the flick while chomping on a pizza and coming across a really disgusting gore sequence! All in all, **HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND** lives up to its exploitatively suggestive title in that it is horrible, if not entertaining.

The film opens when two English fishermen, a weather beaten, middle-aged man and his equally tanned father, steer their small boat through the treacherous waters of Snape Island. Upon gaining ground both men discover a butt-naked young man face down in a tidal pool, dead and bloodless. They find more bodies when they enter the island's only visible structure: a tall, forbidding lighthouse (hence the alternative title **TOWER OF EVIL**). The older of the two sailors gets pegged by a wild woman brandishing a large butcher knife. His son baps her on her noggin, and the scene fades out. Fade In: We see the blond (Candace Glendenning) strapped to a slab in a hospital, her head bandaged, staring dumbly into the void, and apparently in a state of shock. With the use of a psycho-



THE TOWER OF EVIL
"HORROR ON SNAPE ISLAND"
A FILM BY JIM O'CONNELL
CASTING BY JIM O'CONNELL
PRODUCTION DESIGNER JIM O'CONNELL
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JIM O'CONNELL
EDITED BY JIM O'CONNELL
MUSIC BY JIM O'CONNELL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JIM O'CONNELL
PRODUCED BY JIM O'CONNELL
WRITTEN BY JIM O'CONNELL
SCREENPLAY BY JIM O'CONNELL
BASED UPON THE PEARCE COLLECTION

72/141

delic machine flashing colored strobes (and crazed super zoom lens work), the woman is brought out of her stupor. During the procedure she has some vivid flashbacks and we get to see what happened to her and her three friends when they decide to picnic on Snape Island. The kids shuck their clothes and express their sexuality openly down among the rocks and in the light house. Our female lead, while promiscuous, is still a virgin (thus assuring her survival, since only those unmarried kids who do the dirty deed get killed in these sorts of films) but knows how to "satisfy a man" by going down on her boyfriend after he complains of darning "the only virgin on the continent." The two in the house get splattered by an ancient Phoenician spear-chucking creature, while the blond's boyfriend gets an equally old scythe embedded into his skull. Somehow Glendenning's character makes her way back safely to the tower. Apparently, the monster was all too interested in offing the others to take note of a nude, busty female frame skittering over the rocks and sand.

screaming her head off, and sealing herself in a closet. Along come our two sailors and the woman returns to Snake Island along with an archaeologist (who is interested in the spear), a policeman, the remaining sailor, and two horny women. Once there, they decide to search the island for the killer and to find out why there was an ancient weapon of Mediterranean origin on an out-of-the-way British isle. After some more sex, the good director finally decides to bring in the film's monster, a mysterious cave containing a Phoenician temple, and the fun begins. By the time the film reaches its shattering conclusion (the lower episodes) we have found out that the place is inhabited by the sailor's mad brother and his mutant son, a bloated creature that we get a short glimpse of shortly before the place blows up.

HORROR ON SHAPE ISLAND is a stupid film. Nevertheless, no matter how dumb, the film doesn't fail to entertain. The plot leaks all over the place, the dialogue is riddled with goofy, dated clichés, the acting is less than enthusiastic, and the two shaggy 'monsters' are only slightly less impressive than any other low-budget horror to come out of England at the time. Available from MPI Home Video.

THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR

1970, D: James Kelly

A quick and dirty review for a film which was one of my favorite Saturday afternoon staples while growing up in the wilds of Northeastern Ohio. Compared to **MAN WITH THE SYNTHETIC BRAIN**, another favorite '70s artifact and a fine example of American drive-in and TV schlock, Kelly's **BEAST IN THE CELLAR** rises above the bottom-of-the-barrel tripe like **THE HORROR ON SHAPE ISLAND** to only just triumph, missing the mark which films like **THE ASPHYX**, **THE OTHER FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE MONSTER FROM HELL, NO PROFANAR EL SUEÑO DE LOS MUERTOS (BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE)**, **ZOMBI 2**, **ERASERHEAD**, **DAWN OF THE DEAD**, and especially **DEATHLINE** hit spot on, and thus managing to become a minor classic, and simply very good. It has enough spunk and spark to move along a nice clip without sacrificing an entertaining script for cheap thrills — even if the gore in the film is sparse and not that satisfying whenever it occurs. Still, the 1970 tale about two spinners that imprison their little brother to keep him from going to war (WWII that is!) and sealing him in their basement behind a wall of bricks, still haunts me. Could it be that when I saw the film I was just getting over my own fear of my family's creepy, spider-infested basement? Maybe it's that I began to read H. P. Lovecraft and my mind reeled with unhealthy thoughts? Oh well. Nevertheless, this bargain basement Tigon release is worth a look into and much better than you may expect. Formerly available from Paragon Home Video but currently discontinued.

THE ASPHYX

1972, D: Peter Newbrook

This must have caused some headaches for its US distributors (the British seem to have more tolerance for such irregularities). That's probably why the film (and video) has **THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD** subtitled under the main title. US stupid, naive, Americans might not take to a film called **THE ASPHYX** without some additional references to the horror genre. The video box is similarly ambiguous as it features the distorted image of the title entity. No blood, no guts, and no naked women. A simple box designed for a complex and almost perfect horror/fantasy film.

Made in 1972, by director Peter Newbrook, **THE ASPHYX** is definitely one of the better productions to come out of the British horror scene (even though the horror in this film is of the intellectual not the visceral kind). The central theme within the film, as with other movies based on this particular period of time, attempts to meld the two conflicting worlds of science and theology into one harmonious ideal. With the Industrial Revolution

in full swing, scientific discoveries on the rise (in this case the development of moving pictures), and humankind's perpetual love of warfare, a single man takes it upon himself to try and assure the sound future of his race. Not unlike the anti-hero that Peter Cushing and Terence Fisher fashioned out of Shelly's Baron Frankenstein, this film's protagonist is a man driven, by science and a love of humanity to dabble in "forbidden" territory and find a way to improve the lot of his fellow human beings. However, where Cushing's Frankenstein was a cold, unemotional madman using human beings as guinea pigs to satisfy his own drive to perfect his race, Robert Stephen's Hugo is a sane, compassionate, and understanding (if naive) scientist. He does over do it a bit, and thus destroys his family and ensures himself on eternal life of hellish self-torture and eventually physical impalement.

The film takes place in 1895 just when the art of photography was maturing; branching out into other fields like science and teaching. Sir Hugo Collingham is a man with a healthy scientific and philosophical mind, who's interested in the medical reasons behind death. He accidentally discovers that by utilizing a specially designed movie camera and 'light booster' he created, he can see and capture the Asphyx (his term) of a living creature. This ghostly apparition is the Greek spirit of the dead (hence the subtitle to the film) which appears whenever its own personal corporeal body is in peril. Hugo is able to immortalize whatever earthly creature that particular Asphyx belongs to by capturing the soul in a beam of an arc lamp and sealing it in a box. He secures the spirit of a lab animal, then attempts to do the same to a man dying of TB. The results in a frightening scene wherein the doomed man attacks Hugo, forcing the scientist to release the trapped Asphyx and letting the man die.

Hugo takes it upon himself to be the next experimental subject, and with the help of his daughter and future son-in-law, slowly electrocutes himself to attract his own Asphyx. Once immortalized, Hugo convinces his two assistants to do the same. Unfortunately, during the process of assuring Jane Lapotale's immortality, the experiment goes awry and she is decapitated — her body writhing and wiggling until Hugo releases her 'soul' and she dies. Grief stricken, her lover (Robert Powell) plans on making Hugo suffer for all eternity by locking away the man's trapped 'soul' in an impenetrable vault and killing himself. The immortal then wanders the world forever, consumed with self pity, remorse, and guilt, until he steps off of a 1970 street curb and gets mashed between two cars. Mutilated but not dead, Hugo is rushed to the hospital.

The film ends somewhat ambiguously, with the aged form of Hugo being pulled from a car wreck from which we assume he will survive; his body a shattered shell. While the script falters in places, it's really the careful, loving care that Newbrook gives his film that saves everything.

Full of energy, drive, and atmosphere, **THE ASPHYX** is a minor classic that deserves your immediate attention. Available from Magnum Entertainment and Interglobal Video.

DEATHLINE

(aka RAW MEAT)

1972, D: Gary Sherman

Yes folks, this is the bang! And can you imagine that the very same talented director that crafted this work of art later made **DEAD AND BURED** (Don O'Bannon's **DAWN OF THE DEAD** tale of a village of zombies) and **POLTERGEIST 3**, with the latter being the most inept horror film ever. So the question is why does so much crap from the 1970's get legitimate video releases when something as powerful as Gary Sherman's art/horror masterpiece **DEATHLINE** still molder overseas on British video shelves? Here is a film which triumphs on a limited budget, due to its two big name stars (Donald Pleasence, and Christopher Lee in a cameo role), stunning score, gruesome effects, intelligent script, and direction. Sherman's inventive, fresh-out-of-film school cinematography has, unfortunately, never received its proper due.

DEATHLINE is a tale which deals with a complex question: just what is humanity? Who is the 'hero' in this film? Is it the young man who must rescue his girl from the clutches of the troglodyte, or is it the creature himself, a product of man's inhumanity to man? The

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image of a shambling mound of puss and hair represents the inner loathing we have for our fellow humanity. The film also utilizes the obligatory 'us versus them' motif and finds our young couple against the thing, and a cynical police inspector (Donald Pleasence proving once and for all that he can act when he tries). It seems as though the creature is the end result of an uncaring government's hush-up. It's paranoia and suspicion not unlike what happens in another top 70's horror entry **BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE** (still unavailable on video in the states). Who would believe the kids and their story of an unconscious man on a tube platform whose body vanishes before the authorities arrive? It's a cognitive gap as well as a generational one. Our monstrous hero? Kidnaps humans from subway stations and takes them deep below the tunnels into a forgotten labyrinth. There he desperately tries to keep his mate (who is equally disgusting in appearance and habits) and their expectant baby alive by feeding her the warm blood of business men. Both are the last inhabitants of an old railway accident that sealed hundreds of people below ground in their own subterranean world. Being a new, and cheap system of transport, the government hushed the whole thing up. Apparently, they lived off each other for a while, reproducing and developing their own society, and only occasionally rising to the surface (once a hole in the passage was breached) in search of easy prey. At some point, a plague must have swept through their community (from biting the heads off rats), killing all but these two monsters. When the monster's mate dies, he goes in search of another and kidnaps the young hero's woman. After a great deal of creepy and violent goings-on, the young man catches up with them and proceeds to wound the creature by kicking its pitifully putrid, encrusted head in. He crawls back to his make-shift tomb and expires, sealing off any hope of us ever really finding out just who or what he was.

Truly one of the unsung horrors from the 70's. **THE EXORCIST, HALLOWEEN, THE OMEN** be damned and all their spawn with them. **DEATHLINE** went unnoticed and overlooked. It's a superior film, artfully crafted and equally, if not more, horrifying as it's more popular contemporaries. Good luck trying to run down a copy of this film. It is worth all the trouble, hassle, and hustle you might have to go through to see it.



CHECK 'EM OUT!

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BEAST OF BLOOD

(aka RETURN TO THE HORRORS OF BLOOD ISLAND aka BEAST OF THE DEAD aka BLOOD DEVILS)

1970, D: Eddie Romero

Reviewed by Max Della Mora

First off, I have to say I'm quite a fan of the films made in the 70s, especially the ones produced in the Philippines. They contain all the necessary elements for a good exploitation movie: exotic settings, nice doses of sex supported by both the local gals and the white foreign chicks (in this case I'm referring to Angelique Pettyjohn, Celeste Yarnall, Mary Wilcox, or - for the tropical beauties - Uza Belmonte, just to name a few), gore (surprisingly graphic for a relatively old movie), campy monsters (especially the great chlorophyll creature), and a fearless, magnetic, and charismatic hero (John Ashley, who with his wooden performances, capacity to attract women like bears to honey, and pronounced sideburns reminds me of STAR TREK's William Shatner). Well, let's move on to **BEAST OF BLOOD**.

The movie begins just where **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** left off. The chlorophyll monster (whose was known as Ramon in his human existence) is on board Dr. Bill Foster's (Ashley) boat. Armed with an axe, Ramon slays all those who occupied the boat with the exception of Dr. Foster who escapes with his life when the boat ex-

plodes. After the film's animated opening titles, we see Ashley meet Myra, a reporter who wants to follow him back to Blood Island. From what Dr. Foster tells her we know that he was saved after the explosion by a passing boat. When they return to Blood Island there aren't any "Welcome Back, Bill" signs, or a band, or anything at all except for a cold reception committee made up of the remaining natives of the island. They say the "Evil One" has come back. In fact, at night, a half-mutated "dead" filipino extra tries to kill Myra, but she's saved. Ashley then visits the old mansion of Dr. Lorca, which was left abandoned from the preceding film. There he finds a severed head on a table. Meanwhile, Myra is kidnapped by Dr. Lorca's men. She manages to escape, runs into the jungle, finds the body of a man hanging from a tree, and falls into quicksand. She is rescued by the bandits, and two of them (apparently sex-starved or maybe wanting to prove it to an American girl) try to rape her. Luckily for Myra, the chief saves her.

Meanwhile Dr. Foster and an exotic beauty (who wants to make love to him, but Ashley declines saying "I'm sorry, I feel like a fool" - to this I say "You're a dick-head, fool") are on the trail of the bandits. Myra is taken to Dr. Lorca (Eddie Garcia) whose face is severely

burned from the lab fire that Ramon started in the previous film. Lorca wants her to record his experiments. He keeps the chlorophyll creature in his laboratory where the body is on a slab and its head in a glass tank. Both pieces of the creature have a life of their own, and the head watches its creator, with eyes full of hate,



while the body tries repeatedly to escape its bonds.

Dr. Lorca is still conducting insidious experiments on villagers that he keeps in half-mutant farms and in cages. He wants to transplant the head of monster Ramon on one of the captives and we get to see some real disgusting operation scenes (actual footage?). Ashley arrives at the lab followed by an armada of angry natives, and a big clash ensues. While all that chaos is going on, Ramon is able to free his captive body (anticipating **RE-ANIMATOR** by almost 15 years) and kills Dr. Lorca by squashing his head. The ending zooms in on a case that obviously contains Ramon's head, but unfortunately a third Blood Island chapter has yet to be made.

BEAST OF BLOOD is not as good as **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** or **BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT**; however, the first part is enjoyable, when compared to the last part which is more of an action picture than an exploitation-horror film. Anyway, it's funny and it's a pity movies like this aren't made anymore.

Italy's Max Della Mora is the editor of **GOREZILLA**, a magazine no discerning monster buff should be without. For more information, check out our fanzine list elsewhere in this issue.

MUTATIONS

(aka FREAKMAKER aka THE FREAKMASTER)

1972, D: Jack Cardiff.

Reviewed by Dave Szurek

Late 60s-early 70s fandom was fraught with short-lived cult films; low-budget movies that buffs recommended to their friends as pleasant surprises after catching them as second bills, underpublicized drive-in specials or even Saturday matinee replacements only to forget all about them a year or two later. Inasmuch as organized horror fandom virtually died out in the mid-seventies, those from the early part of the decade returned to Obscurity Land. When fandom made a comeback around 1980, some of these films did not resurface. Some did. It's surprising that **THE MUTATIONS**, better known on video under the title **FREAKMAKER** was one of the forgotten. For despite a familiar plot which would've been at home in an above-average Monogram or Universal potboiler of the 40's, it's done with a striking, offbeat style. The script appears more squarely aimed at the "B" market than the "C" one in which it materialized. There are scenes shot in a semi-arty mode (not surprising as director Cardiff started out as a cinematographer) obviously designed to infer a sense of dark poetry. Elements of the "old Classics" blend with a ghouliness uncommon in 1972 to create an unsettling E.C.-style quality. As in **FREAKS**, real side-show unusuals—although some are merely handicapped souls likes of which you can presently see on any walk through sick-rare—are featured.

Donald Pleasence's career had never really taken off, especially not in America, until **HALLOWEEN**. At the time this was made, the closest thing to a name in the cast was everybody's favorite dwarf of the era, Michael Dunn. Pleasence in a Lionel Atwill-type mad doctor role gets the most screen time of anybody and as such deserves top billing. Video credits (which list this as 1974 - WHAT??) name Pleasence first, but somehow I doubt that's the way it originally was. The film starts with some rather impressive botanical footage, but as striking as it is at first, it's also overlong. My wife turned, at one point, to ask if this was a documentary. But when this settles down and the story begins, it's not half-bad. I can see why it grabbed audiences who weren't expecting much. Pleasence is an overly bankers college professor/botanist whose talk of human-plant hybrids as the next step in the evolutionary scale has earned scorn and ridicule from his students. Like all good screen mad doctors, he is secretly experimenting with speeding up the process theorizing that said advanced specimens might be able to withstand the coming nuclear holocaust. He can't find any willing guinea pigs, though, so he cons a pair of circus freaks (dwarf Dunn and deformed pug ugly Tom Baker) into kidnapping prospective subjects and bringing them to his venue. Hytrap-decorated lab with the story that he'll eventually repair nature's mistakes in gratitude. Despite past acts, Dunn is a basically decent chap who wants "out" while Baker is a sinister psychopath who doesn't treat even his peers very well and is reminiscent of Kaeliff in **THE BODY SNATCHER** and **THE RAVEN**. Pleasence keeps falling at his gools and the

now disgraced victims keep ending up as "attractions" at Dunn's traveling sideshow/circus for the mishapen, hence the aka. Shift hits the fan when Baker makes the mistake of kidnapping a college girl with a lot of fairly aggressive friends. Oh yes, a "real monster" is created near the finale.

For the most part the cast is above-average for this sort of thing but unfortunately, we have Brad Harris in one of his few English speaking roles as the cardboard hero. Somehow, even without the dubbing, he still sounds like he's speaking from the bottom of a well. **Famously available from Videotex Home Video, but currently discontinued.**

SATAN'S SLAVE

1976, D: Norman J. Warren

Reviewed by Dave Szurek

The big mistake is in revealing Michael Gough as the high priest of a satanic cult and his son as a thrill killer within the first fifteen minutes. The breakneck pace settles into an above-average (thanks to Dave McGilvray, a scriptwriter who usually worked for Pete Walker) talkfest. Good thing this has more competent acting and better defined characters than usual for this sort of no-budget item. Even Gough and kid are rather innocuous. Maybe that opening was thrown in to inform us that we are watching a horror film after all, and that Gough and offspring (both actors are actually quite effective) are villains, and explain some of what's going on.

Warren's an again-off again talent is confounding. His *ALIEN PREY* and *INSEMINOID* went down in infamy. This (and surprisingly *BLOODY NEW YEAR*, although easy to criticize, is his best. *SATAN'S SLAVE* is not a bad film considering the source, just a minor programmer with faults that are easy to pinpoint. Warren's tendency to spotlight fetishes of an isolated point only to get squeaky clean later on is quirky to say the least. One half hour of *BLOODY NEW YEAR* seemed slanted at the locker room crowd, while the remaining hour was strictly PG-13. While not particularly gory, the thrill kill scene is implicit enough to promise S&M porn which never materializes. Hardest to God it looks Franco-inspired! A flashback of a medieval with execution and a bizarre dream sequence wherein a woman meets a lethal diablo have the same quality and the gore quotient is sporadically high for the pre-1980 era, but at other times...?

A teenage girl accompanies her parents on a visit to her uncle, his crazy son and the son's nutty wife who tolerates his one night stand murders so that his bloodlust won't be turned on her. There's an automobile accident, though. The girl is the sole survivor (her parents buy the farm) and their hosts offer shelter. Weird things happen which Gough explains as the result of "shock" and she begins to develop a romance with the son. The son, of course, has been assigned to manipulate her actions in his uncle's plan to groom her as a ritual sacrifice. The final half-hour tells us that it never comes to pass and that the son got his bloodlust from watching murders as a child. Fine, but why wall so long?

SATAN'S SLAVE is a so-so low-budget thriller with its moments. Released in America by Crown-International. **Available from CIC Home Video.**

LA LUPA MANNERA

(aka WEREWOLF WOMAN aka LEGEND OF THE WOLF WOMAN aka THE WOLF MAN (?) aka DAUGHTER OF A WEREWOLF aka NAKED WEREWOLF WOMAN)

1976, D: Salvatore Di Silvestro

Reviewed by Ken Miller

Silvestro liberally mixes violence with sex in this tale of a psychotic woman who thinks that she's inherited a lycanthropic trait from her ancestor.

The only time you see a befurred woman is during the credits, and that turns out to be a dream experienced by Annik Borel (in which a villager gets his head split). During the rest of the movie the anti-heroine becomes a voyeur to several sexual acts, which always trigger a murderous urge within her (she usually bites out her victim's throat). Fortu-

nately for her, she meets a stunner (??), they fall in love, and they live together in a deserted town (film set?). Her killer instinct submerged. Their happy existence is smashed when she is gang-raped (this sequence is pretty brutal) by a bunch of locals who kill her lover. This causes an upsurge in her murderous desire again, and she picks off the rapists, at one point using a car crusher!

Although *LA LUPA MANNERA* is crammed with exploitive and sleazy elements, it separates them with boring pseudo-medical chat about Borel's mental condition, and the finale is a letdown. But, never fear, there's lesbianism, masturbation (as Borel watches her sister make love to a man she's soon to kill), murder, and a silly werewolf woman make-up at the start (at least, you get all of this in the X-rated Cockney Rebels Specials video version I saw) to maintain your interest. **Available from United Home Video.**

Ken Miller's *IMAGINATOR* is one of Britain's finest publications. For more information, check out our fanzine list elsewhere in this issue.

DEATH GAME

(aka THE SEDUCERS)

1977, D: Peter Traylor

Reviewed by Dan Taylor

As far as I can tell, nearly anyone who is a fan of "Psychotronic" films can pinpoint that one film, that one moment in their life, when they saw something that was mainly responsible for their fanatical devotion to the genre. For instance, Craig Leebetter of *EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA* recently devoted an entire issue of his zine to the Italian flick *DEATH LAID AN EGG*. Never heard of it? Well, don't feel bad, because I never had either...until I received the issue that is. Anyway, Craig holds that film mainly responsible for his devotion to these flicks, and he put together a very thorough and inspiring tribute to it. Deserved or not, it sure was touching.

For me, I can easily pin point the film that put me totally and completely over the edge. Sure, once I had a VCR I was entirely devoured by the exploitation monster lurking in my local video store. Pretty soon I was ingesting *BLOODCUCKING FREAKS*, *MS. 45*, *DAWN OF THE DEAD* at an alarming rate, but that evil technological advancement known as cable is responsible for the socially-angered miscreant that I am today.

I was 13 years old, and it was the kind of day, an 8th-grader dreamed of. My parents were gone for the entire afternoon, and we had been let out of school early for some typically bizarre Roman Catholic holiday. I made lunch, flopped down in front of the tv set and flipped on the local movie channel, known as PRISM. First up was Cheech and Chong's debut flick, *UP IN SMOKE*, the kind of drug-humor epic that cracked-up a 13-year-old suburbanite who had never smoked pot. And then, something weird happened... *DEATH GAME* came on, and my life was changed forever. I figured that it was just another boring melodrama (a staple of the early days of cable), but with a name like *DEATH GAME* I was willing to give it a try.

The story seemed pretty simple at first. This guy (played with sleazy aplomb by Seymour Cassel) is left home alone on his fortieth birthday. When two lost girls ring his doorbell and ask to use his phone to get directions, he complies with their wishes. One thing leads to another, and soon of Seymour and the two babes are taking one hell of a hot tub time-out with each other. Big deal right...this tale takes place during cable's infancy, when soft porn and women's breasts were paraded across the screen at all hours of the period. Ahh, it makes me all teeny-eyed just thinking about it.

So, Seymour and his two new playmates spend some quality time getting to know each other really well. While there's nothing wrong with this, even my sheltered 13-year-old mind began to wonder, and it wasn't until Chicks A and Chicks B started taking a profound interest in EACH OTHER that my eyes became riveted to that set once again (personally, I firmly believe that this film was the launching pad for my fascination with all-girl porno, and eventually Nina Hartley).

At this point, the flick had me hooked. Not only was the anticipation of another lesbian scene swelling my frontal lobe, but the realization that the two babes were none other than Sondra Locke and Colleen Camp made me feel like I was getting a glimpse into their private lives, seeing a part of themselves that they had kept hidden...until now that was

And then the whole film changed before my eyes.

The babes turned (as babes will do) and soon of Seymour found himself on trial for doing whatever it was they were doing underwater in that there hot tub! But not by a jury of his peers mind you...He was on trial by two psycho lesbians with a serious vendetta against the male race in general! Whoa! This is the kind of cinematic morality play that can twist the mind of anyone watching, especially a 13 year-year-old Catholic boy with a fertile imagination.

The rest of the flick becomes a rollercoaster ride through hell and back for both Seymour and the viewer as Sandra and Celeen torment, torture, and try him, eventually finding him guilty of corrupting the morals of a minor and illegal use of a soap bar (as if we had any doubts). The sentence... death... at dawn!!!

I won't spoil the ending of the film, since that is possibly the most brain-damaging moment of the entire spectacle. Suffice it to say, that while the preceding 87 minutes had turned my brain into mush, the final three put me so far over the brink into total and complete shock fanaticism that I have yet to recover, and the doctors are doubtful I ever will.

To me, **DEATH GAME** remains one of the most fascinating examples of 1970's trash exploitation ever created...sex, lesbians, famous T&A, and a balpeen-hammer-to-the-brain-pain ending that will leave you weeping on the floor in a fit of laughter, psychosis, and sheer joy. In short, this film is a masterpiece. Available from VCI Home Video.

INFRA-MAN

1976, D: Hua-Shan

Reviewed by Dan Taylor

Back when I was a youngster (in body and mind) I had several television shows that I refused to miss. I swore by BATMAN, SPEED RACER, and the classic Japanese sci-fi show ULTRAMAN. One day, Steve SLIME TIME Puchalski turned me on to a 1976 action flick that comes as close to capturing the rush I got from ULTRAMAN as anything I've seen before or since. That film is **INFRA-MAN**.

So here's the deal: a mountain explodes and some monsters that have been hiding since the Ice Age start rampaging around Hong Kong, destroying buildings and generally wreaking havoc. It seems that Princess Dragon Mom (I swear to go God! Why would I make something like that up?) has come to Earth and has released the monsters from their ancient slumber. The princess, along with the help of the monsters, wants to rule the planet and enslave all humans.

Dr. Chang (the greatest stereotypical Chinese professor name) is the country's leading scientist, and he gives a young soldier named Remar the power to turn into Infra-man, a red suit-wearing, helmet-sporting, kung-fu super hero who can kick major monster ass! Princess Dragon Mom sends every monster at her disposal after our hero, but Infra-man refuses to be stopped...soon, the fate of the world hangs in the balance!

Will Infra-man save the day? Will Dr. Chang and his daughter be killed? Will Princess Dragon Mom reveal where she has her hair done? All these questions and more are answered in this lavish, effects-filled, 89 minute laughfest!

I think you'd have to be brain-dead not to enjoy this flick! The monsters provide some of the most memorable moments by putting little children until Princess Dragon Mom (Sorry, I just love writing that name) lets them attack the Earthlings!

INFRA-MAN succeeds for me, not only because it is action-packed to the nth degree, but also because it never gets boring. The fights are always fun, the monsters memorable, and the dialog (as Tesco Vee would say) choice! I'd highly recommend this 1970's chop-socky epic, as well as a 1980's classic like **NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER** for a night of sure-fire, kung-fu tied entertainment! Available from Prism Home Entertainment.

Dan Taylor's **EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT** was voted best fanzine of last year's **FANEX**. So, buy it okay? For more information, check out our fanzine list elsewhere in this issue.

FAVORITE 70'S OBSCURITIES

By Michael Gingold

These are films that I love not because they're good (though a few are quite good), or even so-bad-they're-good, but just because they're so obscure. They haven't been celebrated as classics, cult classics, or anti-classics; they came out, played briefly, and disappeared to the netherworld of late-night TV and not-highly-publicized video cassettes.

BARRACUDAS (1978): Starts out as a **JAWS** rip-off, with yet another kind of dangerous fish becoming unreasonably aggressive, but then takes a surprising turn and becomes a conspiracy thriller. Surprisingly downbeat ending, too. One of two horror flicks - **GOD'S BLOODY ACRE** was the other - produced by David Crawford (with director Harry Kerwin) before he teamed with Andrew Land for **VALLEY GIRL** and **NIGHT OF THE COMET**.

THE CURSE OF BIGFOOT (1975): Several years after its completion, a horror quickie about a young archaeological team menaced by a thawed-out prehistoric man had scenes added turning it into a far-back, and was refitted to exploit the Bigfoot craze. Some of the dialogue is hilarious, but this is mostly so -bad-it's-bad.

HOMEBOODIES (1974): This should be a cult classic, but very few people I know have even heard of it. The first (and only) grey-power slasher movie, it's about the elderly residents of a building that's about to be demolished, and how they resort to murder to save their home.

MAKO: THE JAWS OF DEATH (1976): Another derivative of **JAWS**. Back when that film came out, some people talked about the horror films sharks could make about killer humans who hunt sharks for sport. So, director William Greer drafted off his **STANLEY** plot and came out with this thriller about a man (Richard Jaeckel) with an affinity for sharks who deals poetic justice to those who would exploit his friends.

NIGHT CHILD (1977): Italian **OMEN** rip-off about a little girl (Nicoletta Elmi, who's also appeared in everything from **BARON BLOOM** to **DEMONS**), a possessed meditation, and several mysterious deaths, including the worst falling-out-a-window rear-screen effect of all time. Co-written by veteran US TV writer Jan Hartman and shown on TV as **CURSED MEDALLION**.

RATTLERS (1976): Overlooked, underrated nature-on-the-rampage movie. I don't mind snakes of all, and this one ate gave me some chills (which is more than I can say for stuff like **VENOM**).

SO SAD ABOUT GLORIA (1974): After some dangerous-looking sex play in the opening scenes, this becomes just another "is she hallucinating, or is someone really out to get her?" thriller. Curiously, this has a credit for both "director of photography" and "cinematographer."

TRACK OF THE MOONBEAST (1976): Best known as an

early death for effects artist Joe Skala, this is about a man who, while watching a shower of falling moon meteors, gets hit on the head by one (represented by a sparkler tossed through the air) and thereafter turns into a lizardman whenever the moon is full.

WITCHES' MOUNTAIN (1975): Little-seen Spanish movie about a news photographer who visits the title site and finds that its name is very well-earned.

Michael Gingold is the associate editor of FANGORIA magazine and also publishes SCAREPHANIA, must reading for any serious horror film and video nut. Far more information check out our fanzine list elsewhere in this issue.

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB

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BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB



AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
ANDREW KEIR • VALERIE LEON • JAMES VILLIERS
 Also Starring **HUGH BURDEN • GEORGE COULOURIS** [PG]
 Screenplay by **CHRISTOPHER WICKING** • Directed by **HOWARD BRANDY** • **SETH HOLT**
COLOR BY DE LUXE TM Film Productions Limited presents A Hammer Production

DRIVE-IN MALADY

THIRTEEN BIG ONES
by Mark Rollie

BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR

1971, D: Al Adamson

Long before Steven Spielberg decided to re-edit and reshoot some sequences for CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, good ol' Al Adamson was constantly performing reconstructive surgery on his masterpieces, and this film is the most legendary of all his works.

It all started with a 1965 film entitled PSYCHO A GO-GO! which was originally released by Hemisphere and dealt with an unstable Vietnam vet who begins a life of crime. A few years later, Adamson shot some new scenes, added them to PSYCHO A GO-GO and viola: FIEND WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN was born. The new footage featured John Carradine as a scientist who plants a device in the vet's head to control his desire for destruction. Unfortunately, the device misfires, and instead of controlling his destructive urges, it actually causes him to commit more awful crimes. Apparently, it still didn't satisfy Al because he shot yet more footage, edited it again, and Independent-International released it as BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR. Kent Taylor plays a mad scientist, and here the vet has been turned into a deformed zombie. Tommy Kirk is a detective who is trying to piece everything together (whew, good thing he wasn't the film editor), and Adamson's wife Regina Caroli (SATAN'S SADISTS) pops up too! This often plays TV as MAN WITH THE SYNTHETIC BRAIN. The original film's cinematographer was Vilmos Zsigmond, noted for his Oscar-winning work on the aforementioned CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND. There seems to be a following for *drive-in, sex, nudity, I just don't get it*. However, I always liked the incredible ad art that veteran comic book artist Gray Morrow would dream up for independent-



International Productions and Bob Le Bar's wonderful opening credit titles. Available from World's Worst Videos.

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB

1971, D: Seth Holt (with Michael Carreras)

This, the last of Hammer's mummy series, doesn't feature (thank God) another lumbering mound of bandages. Reincarnation is the key word here. The spirit of a dead Egyptian queen comes back to possess her modern-day look-alike and then kills off the people who broke into her tomb years before. Actually BLOOD is not really that bad, although the editing seems curiously muddled — possibly due to AIP's tampering with the film on its US release in order to secure the all Important PG rating. The production was also beset with problems. Peter Cushing was forced to drop out due to his wife's unfortunate death, and director Seth Holt (best known for his superb TASTE OF FEAR, 1962) sadly passed away before the film was completed. Hammer head honcho Michael Carreras stepped in to finish the job with admirable results considering the circumstances. This movie was based on the Bram Stoker novel 'Jewel of

The 7 Stars' which was also the basis for Mike Newell's astonishingly odd **THE AWAKENING** nine years later. Worth a look.

DEATHMASTER

1972, D: Ray Danton

With this film Robert Quarry tried unsuccessfully to recreate the magic of his two Count Yorga pictures, but with an all new character. After you see it, it's fairly obvious why it never took off. A coffin washes up ashore, a surfer checks it out, and ends up being strangled by a hand that shoots out from under the lid. Cut to a young couple going into a local store and being harassed by the members of a local bike gang. The young man beats the biker leader to a pulp and convinces the long hair to join them on their journey (yeah, right). They take a visit to an old house where the local hippie commune is located and sit around listening to the hypnotic ramblings of a guru; a very strange man who goes by the name Khorda. To their surprise (but not ours) Khorda turns out to be the vampire owner of the beach coffin and kills everyone in sight. After an atmospheric beginning the film crawls to a snail's pace until the second half when Khorda decides to do everyone in. There are a few good twists and scares among all the gore and mayhem. Khorda even has a brutish henchman, again calling to mind the very popular Count Yorga series that Quarry was known for. Vampire completists may want to check this one out, but be warned: you have to sit through tons of hippie mumbo-jumbo before you see even the slightest glimpse of flashing fangs.



DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT

1973, D: S. F. Brownrigg

Initially released in 1973, this film never disappeared from the drive-in circuit throughout the seventies. It managed to pop up year after year, usually second billed to other Hallmark landmarks like **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**, **THE HOUSE THAT VANISHED**, or **DON'T OPEN THE WINDOW**. I finally caught up with this legendary piece of cinematic swill in 1977 when it played on a double bill with **RABID**. **DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT** is pure crud, yet despite yourself you can't seem to overt your eyes. The film's sole purpose is to show its captive audience how many ways the human body can be mutilated. How much can you take? The only benefits when a young nurse goes to work at the Greenpark Asylum,

soon after starting the job, she finds out that one of the doctors had recently been murdered by an inmate with an ax, and that a nurse had been strangled. For some reason she decides to stay. Shortly, other strange things occur. An old woman has her tongue cut out, another woman has her eye pierced, and a telephone repairman is stabbed to death. Predictably, things go from bad to worse when the nurse discovers that the patients aren't blame for the mayhem; it's the head doctor. The inmates, enraged by what has transpired, seek revenge. They muster up all the axes and knives that they can find and butcher the mean of doctor. Enter the "big-but-kind" patient who, seeing the aftermath of their bloodbath, immediately grabs the nearest ax and wacks at everyone who's left! The ending credits list each actor's name with a still shot of their bloodied corpse. Truly a class act! It's a rude, very crude bloodbath that is essential viewing for fans of ozone horror shows. Available from Vid-America Video.

HOUSE OF THE LIVING DEAD

1973, D: Ray Austin

Released in 1976 in the US, here's a strange one—a horror movie from a place that really knows about terror: South Africa! A woman journeys from London to be with her fiancé in South Africa, and learns that he has a twin brother who is not quite right upstairs. He's confined to an attic room because of an accident that's never been explained. Soon after her arrival, mysterious noises are heard, murders occur, and the woman finds out the truth—her fiancé is actually dead! The twin has been playing dual roles in order to cover his tracks while he schemes with a villainous mad scientist to

capture the soul of a living being. He keeps his souls in jars (Smuckers beware!) It's all rather workmanlike, but there are a few nice touches here and there. The acting is serviceable. The story's pacing is a bit on the slow side, but a couple bloody moments help revive viewer interest from time to time. The ending finds the heroine smashing the glass jars full of souls, and once freed they take their vengeance out on the evil twin. Sounds good, but comes off rather poorly thanks to Austin's tired direction. Available from VCI Home Video or American Video.

LUST FOR A VAMPIRE

1970, D: Jimmy Sangster

Released in the US in '71 by Levitt-Pickman, this is the second Hammer film to be based on J. Sheridan Le Fanu's "Carmilla," (the other two being **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, 1970 and **TWINS OF EVIL**, 1971) and by far the least effective. Some blame can be placed on the weak script by Tudor Gates, but director Sangster shows no sense of style or imagination whatsoever in his handling of the material. The movie has the look of a quick-shot early seventies

telemovie. Just because it has a low budget doesn't mean it has to look cheap. Watch **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS** and see how director Roy Ward Baker triumphed under similar circumstances. This time around Count Karnstein revives one of his family members and sends her off to a finishing school for young girls, thus providing the perfect excuse for Hammer to show nubile, naked teens coupling. One of the teachers falls in love with the gal, even though we all know it's a very bad decision. Equally foolish is the song ("Strange Love") we are treated to when the couple finally make love. The cast is fairly unexceptional. Ralph Bates overacts, but is certainly interesting. The same cannot be said of Mike Raven (whose voice, oddly enough, was dubbed by who should not act his way out of a



Kleenex. To be fair, the film was plagued by production problems yet again. Terence Fisher was to have directed the movie but broke his leg before filming commenced, and Peter Cushing (originally slated for the Ralph Bates role) had to bow out because he was still grief-stricken over the death of his wife. Available from **Thom-EMI Home Video**.

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MONSTER

1970, D: Jesus Franco

Original title is **EL PROCESO DE LAS BRUJAS**, but it's also known as **WITCHKILLER OF BLACK-MOOR** and **THE BLOODY JUDGE**. AIP released this one in 1972, shorn of almost fifteen minutes. Christopher Lee plays Lord Chancellor in 17th century England. His main purpose in life seems to be hunting down witches and killing them (with a little—na, make that a lot of—torture thrown in for good measure). For some inexplicable reason, AIP decided to cut out most of the gore from this one, and it serves to render the whole movie pointless. Why distribute a witch-hunt movie when you won't show them going through their paces? AIP had no qualms with other similar products (**THE CONQUEROR WORM**, 1968, or **CRY OF THE BANSHEE**, 1970) from the same time period, so why pick on this one? Sheesh!! At any rate, what's left is a boring costume melodrama, with a love story mixed in, as well. The film is handsomely photographed, and Franco's direction is competent. Producer Harry Alan Towers' rather poor script makes sitting through this one a chore.

THE NEPTUNE FACTOR

1973, D: Daniel Petrie

A mini sea lab is rocked by an underwater earthquake and is toppled into a fissure. A specially designed minisub called Neptune is sent down to investigate. There they find a "lost seaworld" where everything is much larger than usual. Nice cast and production credits, but who the hell was responsible for the abominable special effects? They consist of nothing more than a toy floating around an aquarium with pet store fish swimming around and around. I saw this one in the theatre when it first came out and believe me, these scenes were the source of much amusement, scorn, and ridicule. The TV title is **THE NEPTUNE DISASTER** which pretty much sums up the whole experience. Distributor 20th Century-Fox tried to sell it as an underwater 2001! Available from **Playhouse Home Video**.

NECROMANCY

1972, D: Bert I. Gordon

Astonishingly, this Gordon film doesn't involve someone (or something) growing real big or shrinking real small. Considering it's a MR. BIG production it's not bad at all and probably his best. **NECROMANCY** has a few nice touches, but don't expect art. Pamela Franklin

stars as a woman who has just lost her baby. She and her husband relocate to a small town that happens to be populated by practitioners of the Black Arts, led by Orson Wells. Although not exceptional by any means, this film manages to maintain viewer interest. Originally known as **THE TOY FACTORY**, it was released under the above title by Cinerama with a PG rating and a running time of 82 minutes. Current versions, titled **THE WITCHING**, run 75 minutes and restore the nude coven scenes edited out of the original prints. Formerly available

ENTER THE OCCULT WORLD OF "NEC'RO-MANCY"



"LIFE TO THE DEAD AND DEATH TO THE LIVING."

from **Paragon Home Video** but currently discontinued.

SLAUGHTER HOTEL

1971, D: Fernando Di Leo

Released in 1973 by **Hallmark** and **AIP**, this Italian production, originally known as **LA BESTIA UCIDE A SANGUE FREDDO** and **ASYLUM EROTICA**, is actually pretty dull, despite the ad campaign's promise of a gory thriller. Even Klaus Kinski can't save this yawn-inducing seazeffect. A private asylum is being stalked by a killer in a cloak, and no one knows who it is. Those of you expecting some great moments of brutality will have to stick with this loser until the very end. Unfortunately, it's too little, too late, and you'll probably be sleeping by then anyhow. Available under the title **ASYLUM EROTICA** from **Meteor Video**.

TERROR IN THE WAX

MUSEUM

1973, D: George Fenady

An all-star cast (or has-beens, whichever you prefer) is the most prominent feature in an all-too-familiar story of nasty gals-on-a in a wax museum. A series of murders in Victorian-era London seem to be tied in with a Jack the Ripper exhibit, but surprise — it's all done by a disgruntled actor wearing a mask and a costume. You do get to see vets like **Ray Milland**, **Broderick Crawford**, **Elio Lancaster**, **Maurice Evans**, **Louis Hayward**, **Patrick Knowles**, and even **Jahn Carnidine** go their routine. The film even featured a deformed hunchback named **Karkoff**. This Cinema release, made by the **Big Crosby Productions Group**, looks like a TV movie that was able to enjoy a brief (albeit very brief) life in the theatres. As enjoyable as it is to watch the cast ham it up, **TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM** ultimately disappoints. Available from **Lightning Home Video**.

TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS

1973, D: Freddie Francis

At first glance you might mistake this particular film for one of the countless anthology flicks that **Amicus** kept grinding out for years, but this time they weren't to blame. Any gripe you may have had against one of those groaners will look pretty minute compared to the faults and flaws in this baby.

The framing device is set at a private research clinic. A doctor has been studying four patients, each of whom claim some pretty bizarre hallucinations. An old friend drops by to visit, and the doctor takes him around, introducing him (and us) to each patient and their story:

1. A young boy's parents are increasingly annoyed by their son's closeness to his imaginary playmate—a tiger.
2. The owners of an antique shop acquire a penny-farthing bicycle that has the power to transport its owner into the past.
3. A man told in fever with a woman and his wife gets jealous. The free-spirited and kills the wife. No bullshit here, folks! See this movie and believe!
4. A young man from an island in the South Seas woos a young woman but not for love; he must use her as a human sacrifice. To save the soul of his dying mother he must



Paramount Pictures presents
Tales that Witness Madness
In Color A Paramount Picture

eat her flesh.

A good cast (Kim Novak, Joan Collins, Jack Hawkins, Suzy Kendall, and Donald Pleasence) and director could not save this ludicrous (and in the case of the last story, disgusting) turkey written by Jay Fairbank. This one quickly disappeared from the movie theatres, and seems to be surfacing regularly on television.

WELCOME TO ARROW BEACH

1973, D: Laurence Harvey

The movies seemed to have a preoccupation with cannibalism for a while in the 70's (remember **FOLKS AT THE RED WOLF INN**, **CANNIBAL GIRLS**, and even **SOYLENT GREEN**) for no apparent reason. In this case they shouldn't have bothered. Laurence both stars and directs in this story of a young drifter (Meg Foster in one of her first film roles) who comes across a brother/sister team of cannibals. The cast try admirably to keep things afloat, but it isn't enough. This is still a sordid, sick, and unappealing mess. Warner Brothers picked up the film for release in 1974, and gave it only a few playdates before it was pulled. Brut Productions (yes, the aftershave people) later edited it down from 99 minutes to 84, reissued this version in 1976 as **TENDER FLESH**, and played up the gore and sex aspects. NBC actually bought the film for telecast, but had problems fitting it into their schedule. It was eventually shown on late night television under its original title, and with the cannibalism angle edited out. Now Harvey, as the villain, just chomped up people for the hell of it. Formerly available from Magnetic Video but currently discontinued.

A nice place to visit...but no place to live.



WELCOME TO ARROW BEACH

A SPOT PRESENTATION—LAURENCE HARVEY—JOANNA PETTET—STUART WHITMAN—JOHN IRELAND—MEG FOSTER
Music by GUY CARLIS. "Welcome to Arrow Beach" by GUY CARLIS. Lyrics by GUY CARLIS. Produced by WALLACE C. DENNETT. Screenplay by JACK GROSS, JR. Story by WALLACE C. DENNETT.
Directed by JACK GROSS, JR. Screenplay by STEVEN NORTH. Adapted from LAURENCE HARVEY's novel "The Arrow Beach Cannibals".
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DOUBLE DOSE OF SHOCK!
A Blood-dripping Brain Transplant
turns a Maniac into a Monster...



STARRING KENT TAYLOR / GRANT WILLIAMS / REED HADLEY / REGINA CAROL

AND

A cult of Undead Creatures
seek fresh warm Human Blood!

VAMPIRE PEOPLE

IN
COLOR

GP

